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DEADPOOL:
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SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

PART 3 OF 4

SHOWTIME!

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ANYTHING, WADE?

HOLY CHEAP SPIDER-MAN RIP-OFFS— I USED TO WEAR THIS?!

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I WAS TAKING A LOT OF PRESCRIPTION MEDICATION AT THE TIME, RIGHT, WEASEL?
AW, C'MON, WADE...IT'S NOT LIKE WEARING BLUE TIGHTS WITH LITTLE RED BOOTIES AND A CAPE OR SOMETHING FRUITY LIKE THAT.
OH WELL... BACK TO SQUARE ONE. ALTHOUGH I REALLY THOUGHT PUTTING ON YOUR OLD DEADPOOL COSTUME WOULD SHAKE SOMETHING LOOSE...
YEAH, IT DID -- MY INNARDS.
HEY, DON'T YA FRET NONE, BOBO--YOU'LL GET ALL YER MARBLES BACK IN NO TIME FLAT, YOU'LL SEE.
GREAT... PEP TALKS FROM THE HYGIENICALLY CHALLENGED.
THAT'S ALL I NEED RIGHT NOW.
Hmmm... I SEE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO BE GRUMMY TO YOUR FRIENDS, AT LEAST.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, DID I EVER GO OVER WHY WE STOPPED TALKING FOR A WHILE?
GLUG! eeee
SHOE POLISH
GLUG!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH--ONLY LIKE A HUNDRED TIMES. I WAS LIKE GEORGE STEINBRENNER IN SPANDEX. I GOT IT.
NOW WHAT'S THIS?
THIS, WADE WILSON--
--THIS IS YOUR LIFE! OR TO BE PRECISE, IT'S STUFF THAT YOU'VE STOLEN/COLLECTED/SLICED PEOPLE'S ACHILLES TENDONS FOR OVER THE YEARS...
...NOW LET'S SEE HERE...
...DOC DOOM'S MASK, AMELIA EARHART'S PILOT'S LICENSE, BLIND AL'S ULCER PILLS, THAT YODA PUPPET YOU SWIPED OFF OF MARK HAMILL, JIMMY HOFFA'S HEAD...

AND WHAT IN THE NAME OF DELTA BURKE IS THIS TABLECLOTH SUPPOSED TO BE?
THAT'S THE KINGPIN'S UNDERWEAR... REMEMBER? YOU BET BULLSEYE YOU COULD SNIPE 'EM RIGHT OFF FISK'S FAT CORRUPTED BUTT...
MARVEL
GEEZ, WADE... DOESN'T ANY OF THIS RING A BELL?
NOPE. NOT A SINGLE DING-DONG.
AND THAT'S—HEY, WHAT'S...
BLECK!
...THIS...
GEEZ, SQUIZZY!
NO...IT'S OKAY...
THIS GIRL... I KNOW HER.
YEAH?
SHE'S... SHRYN... HER NAME IS SHRYN. AND... I DIG HER, RIGHT?
KEEP IT COMING, POOLMAN...
BY JOVE, I THINK I'VE FINALLY GOT IT—I REMEMBER!
HA! IT FIGURES...
NEVER SEND A MAN AND THREE FILTHY HOBOS TO DO THE WORK OF ONE HOT IRISH REDHEAD, I ALWAYS SAY!

YA GOT THAT RIGHT. SO NOW THAT I KNOW WHO I AM AGAIN--
--THAT'S FOR BLOWING CHUNKS IN MY HOUSE, YAK-O-MATIC! FOR CREEPS SAKE, YA GOT THE WHOLE JOINT SMELLING OF...
Slick
...LIMBURGER...
...SWEET MOTHER OF IKEA--MY COUCH! OF ALL THE RANK, DISGUSTING, CORN-LOVIN', HAIRY...
SIGH. ...NOW I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO BURN THE VILE THING...
AND THE COUCH, TOO.
PIPE DOWN, DAGNABIT--
--I'M TRYIN' TO WATCH THE DANGED TV!
...WITH YOUR HOST-- DEADPOOL!
WAIT... DID THEY JUST SAY...
...DEADPOOL?
YESSIREE, BOBO--LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S TOOK YER IDENTITY AND'S USIN' IT FER A TURLET!
SONOFA...
THE VTV AWARDS LIVE TONIGHT
HOSTED BY DEADPOOL!

OF ALLA THE NAMES TO RIP OFF—
—WHY WOULD SOMEONE CHOOSE ME?
EVEN I WOULDN'T CHOOSE ME.
EY, BOBO— WHY YA ACTIN' LIKE DER'S ONLY ONE DEADPOOL?
?
SEEMS LIKE DEADPOOLS'RE POPPIN' UP LIKE WEEDS INNA ROSE GARDEN! heh heh
GOOD AFTERNOON. I'M JEANNA COWIE, AND WE'RE FOLLOWING REPORTS OF A NEW AND IMPROVED "DEADPOOL"...
...WHO HAS BEEN SEEN FREQUENTING FAST FOOD CHAINS IN THE AREA, INCLUDING "BURGER KONG" AND "WINDY'S".
BUT I HATE "WINDY'S"
BWWAHHHH! YIPPITY! NO PICKLES!!
THIS GUY IS NEW AND IMPROVED?
MAN, I GOTTA WORK ON MY IMAGE.
BLECK!
MY FEELINGS EXACTLY.

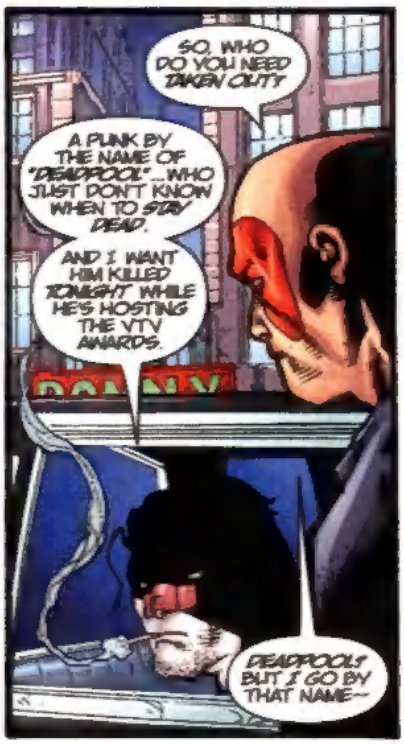
THIS IS AWESOME, MAN! AFTER THIS HEIST, I WON'T HAVE TO BUY ANOTHER BAG OF PISTACHIO NUTS EVER AGAIN!
DUDE! WE'RE GONNA CORNER THE MARKET ON PISTACHIOS.
PEOPLE ARE GONNA RESPECT THE PISTACHIO BOYS!
Uhh, GUYS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID WE'D STEAL PISTACHIO NUTS ... AND NAME OURSELVES THE "P-BOYS."
DUDE! P-BOYS RULE!
YOU ALMOST THROUGH THAT LOCK, DAMON?
ALMOST? BUT MY HANDS ARE SHAKIN'... SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT.
HEY, P-BOYS, WANNA KNOW SOMETHING?
WHUZZAT?
KNOW WHAT, MAN?
I HATE ...
...PISTACHIOS!
RAATAATAATAA

WHAT KIND OF DUMB NAME IS "P-BOYS", ANYWAY?
IF I DIDN'T KILL 'EM, SOMEBODY ELSE WOULD HAVE.
GOTTA STOP DOIN' THIS FER FREE, THOUGH--

CANDY • TOYS
BEEP BEEP
HEY FELLA-- I BEEN PRYIN' ALL NIGHT LOOKIN' FER YOU.
SO, WHATTA YA SAY? WANNA MAKE A COOL, QUICK MILLION BUCKS?

DEPENDS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PISTACHIOS?
HATE 'EM.
LET'S TALK.

I'M A VERY ROICH MAN AND I WANT SOMEONE VERY DEAD.
WHAT ARE YA--SOME KINDA VTV EXECUTIVE TYPE?
NO COMMENT, GUNBOY -- NO COMMENT.


SO, WHO DO YOU NEED TAKEN OUT?
A PUNK BY THE NAME OF "DEADPOOL"... WHO JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO STAY DEAD.
AND I WANT HIM KILLED TONIGHT, WHILE HE'S HOSTING THE VTV AWARDS.
DEADPOOL? BUT I GO BY THAT NAME--

--TELLYA WHAT, PREZ...
...KEEP YOUR MILLION BUCKS. I'LL DO THIS ONE FER FREE.
JUST GUARANTEE ME THE HIT AND GET ME ON VTV'S "ROAD FOOLS"

LISTEN UP, TEAM! WE'RE GOIN' INTO BATTLE!
SOME OF YOU MAY NOT MAKE IT OUT ALIVE. HOPEFULLY.
WE KILL EVERYONE TONIGHT WHO FALSELY CLAIMS TO BE DEADPOOL!
EXCEPT ME, OF COURSE.

GUNS, AMMO, AND SHARP STABBY THINGS?
CHECK.
EARTHWORMS, ROSIE O'DONNELL, AND SLIMY THINGS?
VASELINE? SLIP-N-SLIDE? MAGIC 8-BALL?
CHECK, CHECK, AND CHECK.

WE'RE READY, DEADPOOL!
I MAY HAVE TO CHANGE MY DEPENDS BEFORE WE LEAVE.

OHHH, WE'RE SO DEAD.
AHHH, DON'T SWEAT IT, WADE. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH WORSE TOGETHER.
AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU HAVE TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD OR ANYTHING.
THIS TIME.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY! WE'RE LIIIIVVVVE AT THE VTV AWARDS!
MUSIC'S HOTTEST TALENTS ARE HERE, INCLUDING--
--THE "BACKSEAT BOYS!" THEY'RE SWEET AND CUDDLY! BUT KEEP THEM AWAY FROM THE RADIATOR, BECAUSE THEY'RE MANUFACTURED PLASTIC!
WE'RE SHINY AND CLEAN.
WE'RE FULL OF GLEE.
AND THERE'S "ALOSTMI KEYS" WITH HER HIT SONG "I KEEP FLOPPING!" BUT DON'T BLINK, BECAUSE SHE'LL BE GONE NEXT YEAR!
Tee hee, I'M FULL OF MYSELF.
AND THEN THERE'S THE ONLY RAP ACT STRAIGHT FROM THE PRIVILEGED UPPER-CLASS SUBURBS OF CONNECTICUT! "SCARY, ANGRY FELLAZ!"
WE SCARE PEOPLE.
WE FULL OF *@%&!
AND NOW PRESENTING OUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES--A TRUE CLASS ACT--
~DEADPOOOOOOOL!
Righteous, babes! Throw me your underwear!
HE'S THE COOLEST!
HE'S SO CUTE!

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS?
I THINK IT MIGHTA BEEN WHEN YOU GAVE A SWIRLIE TO THAT PRIEST
RIGHT BEFORE [redacted] A WEDGIE TO THAT NUN.
MRRROOOWN. HUMM. FORGOT ABOUT THE NUN. TWISTED SISTER
EVEN SO, WHY COULDN'T SOMEONE COOL PICK UP THE NAME DEADPOOL?
MAYBE IT WAS THAT TIME YOU--
DON'T EVEN MENTION THE TIME WITH MY THUMB AND THE KINGPIN!
BESIDES, IT'S HIGH TIME I GO DOWN THERE TO REGAIN MY HONOR, MY DIGNITY--
--MY SELF-RESPECT, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY--
BLECKK
YOU WERE SAYING?
GEEZ! HOW MUCH DOES THIS GUY EAT?
LISTEN, WEASEL. WE BETTER GET MOVING.
BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DECIDES THEY WANT TO BE DEADPOOL, TOO.
EVILDOERS, THEY SHALL YIELD BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE DYNAMIC DEADPOOL!
[redacted]

Awwwright! VTV rocks the house!
YEAHHHH!
And give the busty blonde in the second row backstage passes. She's gonna rock my dressing room!
YEAHHHH!
Our next act is just that. one big, lame act.
They're so vanilla, even my crusty grandmother calls 'em wusses.
The blandest band in America, the Backseat Boys!
YEAHHHH!
YEAHHHH! YEAHHHH!
OO-WEE, OOP-OOP-OO-WEE!
YEAHHHH!
OO-WEE, OOP-OOP-OO-WEE!
THAT MUST BE THE YUTZ I GOTTA TAKE OUT.
"ROAD FOOLS" HERE I COME.
COULD TAKE 'IM OUT CLEAN—BUT MAYBE HE SHOULD SUFFER A LITTLE FOR THOSE RIDICULOUS SUNGLASSES.
I LOVE SUFFERING.
WHOO! THE EAST VILLAGE LOVES THE BACKSEAT BOYS!
YOU GO GIRLS!
NO... ZZZZNNORT! PICKLES.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE! ALL RISE!
JUDGE DEADPOOL HAS ARRIVED!
AND I'M ISSUING DEATH WARRANTS!
NAT CH IT!
WE'RE COMIN FOR YOU, DEADPOOL IMPOSTERS!
Oh, hey, th-this is a big mistake--
--I thought the real one was dead!
OR MAYBE I'LL JUST DO THIS QUICK.
MAYBE I'LL GET ON "ROAD FOOLS" AND "REAL WHIRLED".
BAM
Okay, I quit.

Yaahhhhh!
STAND BEHIND THE MIGHTY MIGHT OF DEADPOOL, NON-MIGHTIFIED ONE!
A REAL HERO IS HERE!
SPOOOINNG!
HEY, THAT GUY SHOT UP A DRUNKIN' DONUTS SHOP THIS MORNING!
NO PICK--!
OWWWWW..!
Ping!
ANOTHER DEADPOOL IMITATOR?
YEESH. THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SPIDER CLONES.
HOLD IT, GIRLS! PEOPLE ARE LOOKING AT SOMEONE OTHER THAN ME!
HOW CAN THAT BE? WE'RE SO ORIGINAL!
I GOT THE MUSIC IN ME! AMONG OTHER THINGS!

FINE! IF BULLETS WON'T STOP YA, I'LL STOMP ON YOUR SPINE!
WHOMP!
Ooofff!
EVILDOER, CEASE THIS ACTION! NO GOOD WILL RESULT FROM THIS!
COME ON! EVERY PUNCH FEELS GOOD!
I FEEL SO GOOD, I'M GONNA TAKE YOU ALL OUT FOR HAMBURGERS!
NO PICKLES?!
NO PICKLES?!
YOU KNOW, WEAZE--IN A STRANGE WAY I FEEL I'M KINDA RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PAIN AND SUFFERING I SEE ON THAT STAGE.
AND?

AND I REALLY LIKE IT?
I MISS THIS!
SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, WEAZE--
—I GOTTA KILL ME SOME DEADPOOLS!
NO PICKLES!!
BACK, NEER-DO-WELLS! BACK!
NO PICKLES!!
DIE!
YEEEHAAWWW! GIDDYUP!
I BROKE A NAIL!
NOBODY MOVE OR SHE'S DEAD!
DEADPOOL! H-HELP ME!
AWW, NUTS. AND JUST WHEN WE WERE GETTING TO THE BLOODY PARTS.

Y-YOU GOTTA HELP ME, DEADPOOL!
THE CAMERA IS NOT GETTING MY G-GOOD SIDE.
SHADDUP GIRLIE! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THAT OUTFIT. IT'S SO LAST WEEK!
H-HE'S RIGHT. I LOOK LIKE A JERSEY GIRL!
:CHOKE: M-MAYBE I DESERVE TO DIE--OH GOD.
NOBODY HAS TO DIE.
SOMEBODY HAS TO DIE! IF THE DRIVE HAS TO CROAK FOR ME TO GET ON VTV, THEN SO BE IT!
DYING IS SO LAST WEEK. TRUST ME.
YOU STOPPED THE MUSIC, HERO!
YOU CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC! NOBODY CAN STOP THE MUSIC!

EY, MISTAH? SCUZE ME, MISTAH?
ALL I WANNA DO -- ALL I WANNA DO IS DANCE!
WE GOT A DANCE FER YA RIGHT HERE...
THANK GOD SOMEONE'S HELP...ING!
PI-C-K
AHHHH!
EAT HOT LEAD, PUNK!
SKOWW!
AH! MY CAGGER!
IT WAS GONE A LONG TIME AGO, GOON.
EWW, I GOT BACKED ON! SOMEONE SHOOT ME! PLEASE!
THE THREAT IS NEUTRALIZED. I SHALL MOVE IN AND MAKE THE ARREST!
WAIT, GET THE GUN! HE'S STILL CLOSE TO THE GUN!

DYNAMIC DEADPOOL HAS YOU, [redacted] IN-DISTRESS!
WATCH THE HANDS, BUSTER!
Not so tough without your gun, are ya, punk?
Now you're facin' Deadpool!
NO PICKLES.
Actually, make that Pools. As in plural.
And thanks, man. This is great for my ratings
WHAT ABOUT MY RATINGS?
Oh, I think you'll have very high ratings. In prison!
FINE, FINE! JUST KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME!
NO PICKLES.
To be honest, man, he freaks me out, too
N-NO! NO!
S-STAY BACK!
NO. PICKLES.
EEEK!

OH, MY STARS AND GARTERS--!!
FWUMP

YAAAAXY!
YAAAAXY!

DEAD-POOL! DEAD-POOL!
They love me!
Thank you! Thank you!

THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN I WAS DEAD.

LOOK AT 'EM OVER THERE, DUKE.
THEY LOOK LIKE A TEAM. JUST LIKE THE FANTASTICAL FOURSOME.
THAT THEY DO, MY OFFENSIVE FRIEND. THAT THEY DO.
SO. A VOTE
All in favor? I vote "yes."
Hrmmm. OKAY.
BUT WAIT...
I HATE TO RAIN ON THE PARTY GUYS, BUT A WEEK AGO, I WAS DEAD.
AND OUT OF NOWHERE, LIKE THE REIGN OF SUPERLOSERS YOU GUYS APPEARED.
SHOULDN'T WE, MAYBE, GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER FIRST?
AYE.
SHOULDN'T WE--?
PICKLES.

A STELLAR IDEA! WE SHALL START IMMEDIATELY WITH INTRODUCTIONS.
MY NAME IS DEADPOOL.
DEADPOOL.
NO PICKLES.
GOSH, AND WHAT SHALL WE EVER CALL OURSELVES? TEAM DEADPOOL?
Call me Deadpool.
GREAT. A WALL IS CRACKING BEHIND ME NOW.
MAYBE BY SOME UNCANNY COINCIDENCE, THIS'LL BE A SUPER-VILLAIN FOR US TO BATTLE.
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?
SMASH!

WELL, WELL, WELLLL. IF IT AIN'T THE MERC-WITH-THE-DEAD-MOUTH!
T-RAY!
HAPPY TO SEE ME, PAL? LAST TIME I SAW YA, I WAS DESECRATIN' YOUR TOMBSTONE!
WHATTA YA SAY WE MAKE YA DEAD AGAIN, PAL?!
NEXT ISSUE: FORGET WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT DEADPOOL. IT'S THE BIG CONCLUSION AND EVERYTHING (WE MEAN EVERYTHING) CHANGES!